

I ride in a car

Across the gravel

Bullets that

Close to a ditch

Cigarette cartons.

Who enjoyed

Masks are on.

Running in directions

Breathe steady.

Gun at the ready.

Shoot the flash!

Into a form.

The bark explodes.

Pain in my side.

Pain in the arm!

Driven my maniacs.
Circles

Into the trees.

And green
will
Flying through

Slide to a stop dangerously

Miniature CO₂ tanks

A tribute to others

Guns are loaded

Paint soaked tree.

Waiting in silence.

Flash of red.

Shoot it!

Get down.

I shoot the flash.

Another flash.

The two flashes converge.

Shoot the blue flash!

We go in tight

flying

Like the orange

go

The air.

Filled with old boxes

This place before us.

Practice shots fired at a

Feet hit the ground

Unknown to others.

Walk silently.

The flash springs

Pain in my leg.

It dives behind a tree.

A flash of blue!

The blue one hits me.

The red hits the blue.

A word

One hand on it's behind.

The bark explodes

Shoot the blue!

I howl at the red.

SHOOT THE RED!!

The flashes follow in suit.

The red backs away.

We make our way

The blue howls

It does a dance

Shoot the red flash!

Again pain in my leg!

Around my head.

Orange paint in my hair.

Laughing.

Five shots, no more.

I yell, "Safe."

The blue flash

Aim at the red.

We cuss the red out.

To the little car.

We go to our homes.

Most profane.

Into the trees

An exchange of fire.

Wetness on my head.

The red doubles over

The CO₂ is low.

We congregate.

And myself

We hold our fire.

Get in.